Gunna, At The Hotel (feat. Lil Uzi Vert & Young J

Playmakers
Yeah
Turn up
Run that back Turbo

Yeah, yeah, hundred hoes at the hotel (hotel)
I got to win, I can't fail (can't fail)
New foreign, not the Chevelle (not the Chevelle, hah, huh)
Yeah, yeah, I got my drip out the mail (drip out the mail)
This ship ain't going on sale (on sale)
Bangin' my gang 'til I'm pale ('til I'm pale)

Can't fuck with you, Petty LaBelle (lil Petty)
Me and my brother like Kenan and Kel (Kenan and Kel)
Seen the rest of my niggas in jail (jail)
Lot of smoke when that Demon fishtail (yeah it smoke)
Niggas hoes and they startin' to reveal (niggas hoes)
Damn I hope he don't tell
He solid, I'm paying his bail
Ain't no fake shit, we keepin' it real
I keep me a hammer, no nails
Moved out the condo to L
Shootout like Rondo, the opps
The codeine dissolving these pills
Gucci drip down to my socks
Drove the Hellcat out of here
Wintertime, mink or the fox
New wrist, she milly my watch (milly my watch)
(Yeah), yeah, if we slime then I'm slimin' you out
And there's too many thots in the house
I can't fuck then I'm kicking you out
I still mention my bag with a pouch
I'm a young gangster mixed with a scout
I just stacked me a bigger amount
Had to show you what Gunna be 'bout
(Yeah), yeah, I did this shit with no bouts
I let your bitch whip it round
Fucking her ass and her mouth
Glad that I came out the South
Made it through hate and the doubt
Drippin', it gave me some clout
Take a G5 through the clouds

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Woah! Slatt
Got big guns like Will
Don't make me want kill
Fuck her, I don't bill
Woah, yeah, all-white gold no steel
Rose gold link on chill
My diamonds they teal
They hit white, in the light, and at night can't tell
You know that my name it ring bells
You know I'm hot like a lie bell
I put my dick in your female
No pasta but make 'em eat shells
The Lambo, I need a seatbelt
Two-hundred my dash, you could tell

You racin' but chasin' a tail
I drop my top like it's Montel
You know Gunna double-C, Chanel
No Jordan hide behind spell
You know forty with the hollow shell
With that smell baby, YSL
Ooh mister, uh, slimy like a snail, yeah
These diamonds on my wrist, them bitches wet just like a whale
My new crib so big, yeah my backyard it got a trail
You know my swag is so clean, got green, I'm talking kale
Clip long like a unibrow, so my Glock it name Helga
Took me one whole day to fly that bitch and she Australian
What's her name, don't look like a snitch so I ain't with the tellin
Yeah yeah

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Woah, yeah, we just been living it better
YSL, we want the smoke, that's forever
Feel like a mice on the race to the cheddar
In the penthouse, we came straight out the shelter
Yeah we came straight out the shelter
Woah, yeah, I got a bro, they'll melt you
You got the cards that they dealt you
They mad a nigga ain't felt them
Woah, yeah, woah FN is light as a feather
Hit him two times, Raymond Felton
We still in the race for the cheddar
Woah, yeah, woah, Gunna Gunna in the Tesla (swerve)
Doors up like a feather
Models pullin' in every time that we let 'em (yeah)
Woah, yeah, slimy slimy, yeah we slimes (slatt)
AP Hublot for the time (slatt)
So a ho can't waste my time (no)
Baby VV's cost a dime (dime)
Streets heating up, me and Gunna got the iron (press 'em, press 'em, press 'em)

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Woah, slatt